

Beach House "Childhood"

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"Childhood"

The beginning of the end,
Of the heart lost, was my friend.
The nature of that place,
Sends a sweet smell,
Around my head.
Oh well.

The hardest thing of all,
The heartbreak of our loss.
Hiding all the time.
We were cast out, of everywhere,
But not the last time;
The last time I remember, the last time I remember,
It was gone.

How I want you to know,
How far west we will go.
Hand in hand they're in love,
All loyal days end slowly.

All my toys are dead-
Unravelling at the stairs.
Open but who cares.
Why-h-hy-hy?

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